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A Famous Duch

S. S. Prentiss was the pride of Mississippi. and A. K. McClung was in the height of his fame as durlist, the " code of honor" (so call ed) had a high place in the estimation of a large class of our citizens. This was then the popular way of settling disputes and avenging insults. It looks like a shame that sousible men in a Christian country abould and disgrace. But so it was.

About this time there lived in Winston county, Miss, two young men about as unquickly say, "I will run Bill off of that like as two young men could well be. One of them, William Smith, was a tall, broad near him without running against some of which he was,

The other young man, James Jones, called fellow, and rather hard featured, but he had to him a warm, true heart, and was the friend of everybody, and everybody liked him. He was a born wag, and loved a joke and enjoys ed a laugh, even at his own expense, which is a rare gift in professional jokers. Jim was part Irish, and had inherited the streak of wit and fun characteristic of his race. At times Jim carried his love of fun too far and hurt the feelings of people, especially of those who were a little assistive anyhow But nobady was more ready to make amends

In the autumn of 1840 Bill Smith and Jim Jones met at a party given at the widow DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
Paints, Oils and Dye Sinds, Pertunery
and Fancy Articles.
Pure Wines and Bandles for Medicinal mor" tail His pride was manifest, and his immense dignity never seemed so prominen: before. Jim Jones was modestly attired in a new suit of h mespun jeans, made out and out from the raw material by the deft fi gers his head and began to snort ominously. Is of his mothers and sisters. It was generally known that Bill Smith, like a terrapin, car. ried everything he had on his back, while Jim Jones was laying up something for a rainy day. Jim was brim tull of fun, and was making things lively at the party. Un luckily for him, he concluded to work a aquaitive Bill was, but trusted to luck to commence he slipped around and pinned a large red bandanna handkerchief to Bill Smith's coat tail. Bill danced up and down the room two or three times before he dircovered that he was the cause of so much merriment. When he discovered the showy appendage daugling at his heels, the foun tains of his wrath broke loose, and he vowed vengeauce upon the man who had made such a spectacle of him in company. Jim. poor fellow, begged pardon, and then tried to laugh Bill into a good humor, but it only made matters worse,

The next day Bill Smith challenged Jim Jones to a settlement according to "the code." Jim promptly accepted the challenge, named the day two weeks off fixed the place in a large Indian old field, and chose to fight with short swords on horse back, the contestants to approach each other

Jim Jones thought it was a terrible thing bises if justifiable in exposing his own life or in taking the life of Jones in an effort to enstain his wounded dignity. This, however, is a foolish notion to which some minds cling with deathdike tenacity Hu man life is too sacred a thing to be wanton ly exposed to danger or taken, unless for good cause. But so it was-they were to fight. The terms and conditions of thdeadly encounter had all been arranged as cording to a "code ' that could have originated no where else than in hell, or next to it.

in a deprayed human heart. Bill Smith owned the finest horse in winand the fatal meeting, he put himself and confisquation in both syes.

his fine horse through a regular course of training in short award exercise. He spent Gilderoy, in Wesleyan Advocate: Long from two to four hours a day in the saddle, ago in the days of our military glory, when cutting and cleaving the air with his sword and in warding off imaginary blows and making imaginary thrusts. In his own mind he was a great here, but to cool-head ed people he looked like a fool-which he was. All this time Jim Jones was at home at work, keeping his own counsel and receiving the advice of his friends with a smile of indifference. When any one told adopt or approve this mode of settlement. him (as plenty of people were ready to do) and call it by the high sounding title, "cod- of the preparations being made by his anof honor," when in fact it is a code of shame tagonist, and of his pompous boasts of what he was going to do and how he would make mines meat out of Jim Jones, Jim would

field." The proposed duel was, of course, a proshouldered, redheaded, rather fine looking found secret, but like most secrets of the young man, who was as proud as Lucifer, and kind it spread for and wide, but slways una always carried about him a double charge o' der the lock and key of averecy. When dignity. Bill, as the boys called him, though the fatal day came, as tatal days always do each tamiliarity always hurt him, was always sooner or later, more than a hundred men on the lookout for an insult. His feelings were on the ground fully two hours before stuck so far out that it was impossible to get the time of battle came. It is wonderful, what interest a fight of any kind, even a them. Indeed, he could not endure anything dog fight, will stir up in the bosoms of some that got in the way of his pride. The only men. Ten minutes before the time Bill way to get along with him pleasantly was to Smith rode up on his side of the field where flatter him all the time, but this made the those had gathered who sided with him to flatterer feel like a contemptible bypocrite, the affray. He was dressed up within an toch of his life, and his fine horse, now rich, ly caparisoned, cover showed so well before. Jim for short, was a low, chunky, heavy set Bill's friends thought him the very imper sonation of chivalry and true courage, and could not repress a cheer as he rode upou the ground, his new sword gleaming in the

sunlight. Presently Jim Jones rode up among his friends on his side of the field, astride a bob. tailed Indian pony, known to be twenty years old. His whole outfit, award and all. was in keeping with the pony he rode. Hanging across bis saddle were six old tin pans an twelve large gourds-three pans and smile spread over J m's face as cur'ous eyes began to peer at his turnout. A deep voice said : " Ab, boys, that is Jim Junes exactly-he will win the day."

After some little parleying, the seconds (always willing parties to the crime of dueling) gave the word of command from their stations in the center of the field. The condown upon each other, Jim's tin pans and gourds making a most unearthly noise-When about one hundred yards spart Bill Smith's fine horse stopped short, threw up a moment more he took the bit in his teeth, and broke off obliquely across the field as it ruuning for his life. Jim Jones filed right after him, calling out at the top of his voice: Stop, Bill, and let's make friends." The company joined in the race, which was continged for a mile and a balf, when the pony practical joks on Bill Smith. He knew how gave out, and Jim had to stop. The friends of both parties came up, convulsed with pacity him. Just before the dance was to taughter, and crowned Jim Jones as the " prince of j kers," and urged Bill Smith to an amicable adjustment of the matter, as it would be a pity to kill a fellow as good natured as Jones was. They made friends. and fived and died on good terms.

This duel cared Bill Smith of his pride, and helped to make a man out of him. This was the first and only duel ever fought in Winston county.

HAD 'EM COMING. - Here is one of Master Johnvie's fables in the San Francisco Are gonaut : And now lie tell you a little story which Mister Gipple tole ms. Once there was a revival of lidgion in the town ware Mister Gipple kep a glas ware store, chiney and crockery, too, and every boddy was a goin wild with good, no more swarin and drinkin whisky, and fishin on Sunday, and were seen stalking through its entries, flining steelin water meluus. One day there was a from opposite sides of the field at full gallop. feller tendin store for Mister Gipple, and a and to commence fighting as soon as they mitey good woman she cum with a bible. and she looked at the feller out of her eyes, and then said : "Yung man, do you keep to be killed or to kill a man over a bit of the device commandments?" The feller was awakened by a deep grown from the closet. ionocent Irish fun, while Bill Smith thought from Sacrymento and didn't know wat thum was, but he spoke out reel quick, and said : Yes, mum, we do, but the boss was tryin to get em out of his way yisterday, and while he was settin om aside he broke every one of em. But we have got sum better ones comin from San Francisco-you come in next week."

> "People should always marry their oppsought to be a man and the other a woman.

The Easy Wife.

There's just one thing a man can have
In all this world of woe and strife.
That makes the business not too had,
And that one thing a measy wife.
Dost fancy that I love my girl.
For rosy checks or raven hair?
She holds my heart because she laughs—
Because she laughs, and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,
And find them where I put them, too;
That is a thing, you must allow,
A chap can very seldom do.
I leave my paper on my deak;
She never dusts them in a heap
Or takes to like the block. Or takes to light the kitchen stove The very one I want to keep,

On wluter nights my coay dame Will warm her toes before the firs; She never scolds about the lamp, Or wants the wick a triffs higher. Ou Sundays she is not so five But what her ruffles I can hug; I light my pipe just where I please, And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"-A thing some women vilely plan
To worry servants half to death
And spoil the temper of a man.
She lets me sleep to any hour.
Nor raises any horrid din
If it just happens, now and then.
To be quite late when I come in,

I tell you. Jack, if you would wed.
Just get a girl who lets things run; She'll keep her temper like a lamb, And help you on to lots of fun. Don't look for money, style, or show, Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare; Just take the one who laughs at fate-Who laughs, and shows she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways Are just perchance a little mixed; Oh, when they get too horrid bad, We stir about and get things fixed. What compensation has a man Who carns his bread by sweat of brow, home is made a battle ground, And life one long, eternal row ! [Harper's Monthly.

The Old and the New.

've just read in the paper this morning, dear Sue It's awfully shocking, absurd!
That a new style of kirsing is coming in use—
Has the like of it ever been heard! I shall never, no, never, give up the old way.

It is eruel to ask it indeed,
And it made me most cry when I read it, dear Sue
"Twill make many a maiden's heart bleed. And I'll tell deapest Ed. when I see him again,

That the old way is sweetest of all; The way Adam kissed Eve in the garden; the way We've been kissing on down from the fall. But the scientists tell us the ancients ne'er kisse six gourds on each side of his pony. A broad For the girls would have plued, like the rosebuds

away. That has never been bathed with the dew. We must never consent to a new fangled plan,
With the old manner bursting with bliss;
We must frown down the tyrant, the demon, wh

dares
To approach with a patented kiss. If they alter the old way they will spell it, I'm su They will make it a unisance, a fraud,
And our faces against it shall never be turned,
Shall they? Your affectionate MAUD.

Pranks at Harvard Fitty Years Ago.

Dr. Palfrey in the Harvard Register One of my classmates happened to have a posed. Desperate, the colonel clinched him. key that fitted the door of the proctor of his The doctor felt that he had to cope with a entry. One day, when the proctor was t-rrible foe and a d-sperate contest took known to be out of town, a man came around place. All over the room they fought. to sell oranges My classmate told him be Neither cried out, each bushanding his had no money, but if he would sell oranges breath. The furniture and their clothes for furniture he would give him a good were completely wrecked in the combat. bargain. Accordingly he took him into the The doctor, however, was the most mucch proctor's room, and agreed with him for the lar man and finally overcame and boung the table so many oranges, chairs so many spiece, curtains so many, till he had bought the whole stock of oranges and disposed of creded to put the colonel in a chair, and most of the furniture.

He then told him that he could not spare the furniture that day, but that he might come and get it two days atterwards, and the man went off very well satisfied with the transaction. The interview between the proctor and the vender of oranges, when the tatter came with a cart to carry off his furnis ture, was without witness, and in the absence of an authentic report, must be left to the imagination. It is sufficient to add that there was no meanness about the perpetratur of this joke, who afterward became a dis for his disappointment.

In the winter of our senior year the first entry of Hollis was baunted. Sheeted ghosts, with constensaces of marble pallerover its stairs, sometimes startling the occupants of the rooms by suddenly issuing from their clossets and gliding out of the doors. An occupant of No. 15 was sitting one even ing dozing by the fireside, when he was Starting up, he impulsively as zed his tones. and hurled them with all his might at a spectre that appeared at the open door.

If those tongs had reached their destina tion, a Boston bank would most probably have lost an able president, the Old South Church one of its pillars and many a charitable institution would have missed of the wise counsel and liberal aid which years afterward proceeded from the sucleus of sites." Yes, one of the marrying parties that ghostly appearance. Happily the mieile missed its aim and imprinted on the closet door a dint that would have been fears Bays, don't be deceived. A girl who will fully damaging to a human skull. Thirtytalk of the "limbs" of a table, will, after eight years after we graduated. "The Cen marriage, chase you around a two acre lot tennial of Hollia Hall" was the subject of a

seen and done in that building, the man who threw the tongs said, that, unless the door had been changed, he had no deabt he could identity his mark made on that occasion; where-upon we resolved to go to mee. Accordingly we went to the room, told the occupant our errand, in which he of coursb-came much interested, and showed us the door, on which the dist unmistakably appeared, still bearing visible and palpable testimony to the event I made another examination a few years ago, soon after the fire to Hollts, and found that the historical door had been replaced by a new one.

A Mad Doctor and Madder Man.

The Pittsburg Post is responsible for the ollowing :

Dr Banjo, the celebrated curer of iusane people, was the other day engaged to go to a botel and take charge of a man who had suddenly gone mad. He went to the hotel and was shown up to the room occupied by Col. Poker and went in. A look at the putient satisfied the doctor that at that may ment the man was comparatively calm-The doctor saluted him, and, sitting down, began to chat about the weather. The patient looked at the doctor in a rather bewill dered way, and finally asked him what business brought him there. Of course the doctor couldn't tell the truth, and so said be had just come in for a social call. The colonel seemed quite amazed at this, but sat down and the conversation went on. The doctor was very careful about what he said. and tried to draw the colonel out to find what the particular feature of his maduess was, and so curiously did he act that it suddealy occurred to the colonel that his visitor was a madman. He was awfully scared and a cold aweat broke out all over bim. He rose and said : " My dear sir, you must excuse me, I've got to go out to meet an engagement" The doctor mildly but firmly replied : "You musu't go, eir, I wish to talk with you." The colonel besitated, but dared not offend the madman and so ant down. Several times during the three or four hours they sat there did the colouel try to make excuses to get out, and of course must go.

the doctor objected. And there they sat and talked, each watching the other narrows ly ; each airaid of the other; and the colonel nearly wild and utterly at a loss what to do. It was an awful session for both At last the colonel could stand it no longer and said : "Really, sir, you must excuse me. I colonel. Having secured the lunatic, the doctor seeing it was a very bad case, prostarted to shave his head, the colonel trembling with fear, not daring to cry out, and being unable to recist. One balf the col mel's head was shaved, when the landlord suddenly came up to the room and said; Ductor, come and take charge of that madman; he's breaking familiare in the next room " The doctor stopped shaving Good Lord," he cried, " iso't this the luna tic?" "No! They showed you to the hand, remarking: wrong room I" The doctor released the colonel and tried to apologize, but a man caused by a life-long devotion to Democratic who has been made bald on one side of his principles ?" tinquished friend and benefactor of the col; head isn't in a condition to accept an apolelege. His victim was not allowed to suffer gy. He was the maddest man in seven more for Tom J. ff-reon than I do for Get. by the trick, but was suitably compensated counties and it took four to hold him white the doctor fled. And now the colonel with his head tied up in a red silk handkerchief demonstration of enthusiasm to admiratian

to sue the doctor for \$7 000 000 damages. Don't Help the Bear.

Tracy (Minn) Gaz-tte: It has come out in so many papers, that we almost wish that the large cinnamon bear hadn't killed Fritz Wolfkins at Spear Fish falls. It Fritz had adopted the plan of a pious old descon, he might have lived to be an ornament to society be kind enough to explain why, you harrabed and a terror to bears. The story is as follows . There once lived on the border of a suffragane !" dense, deep forest, a good old deacon, who had untowering faith in the Lord. While out walking one morning he was attacked by a buge black bear. The bear was ravenously hungry, and it made sultry work for the the policeman grabbed me by the neck and deacon to evade him. There was music in should me off before I had given one good the air that sounded like a Methodist revival. square yelp. About election time's the only At every jump of his bearship the descun quance that I get to express my emotions, cried out, "O. Lord's and down thy spirit and I go toward meetings to let them out. to help do away with this bear." But to no I whoop up the Greenbackers. Radicals and avail. The battle raged and the deacon Democrats all anks, and I believe they ought called for help from on high until he lost all all to be encouraged. What we need is more faith and pati-nes, and sung out, " O. Lord! parties There ought to be three or four buting the latel meeting, he put himself and configuration in both syes.

In county—a large spirited, dappled gray marriage, chase you around a two acre lot tennal of Holla Hall was the subject of a lif you won't help the bear, and you'll see one of the damadest fights and you'll see one of the damadest fights and they "fit."

In you won't help the bear, and you'll see one of the damadest fights and you'll see one of the damadest fights and you ever heard of!" And they "fit."

Mauna Lon.

THE LATEST FIERY OUTBURST.

New York Herald : The grand eruption reported as now in progress from the volcante cone of Mauna Los, gives ample evidence of mighty forces at work under the ked of the Pacific Mauna Lou towers over the Island of Hawali, the largest island in the open Pacific 13.760 feet, and is marked by two distinct and apparently disconnected trater -one at the summit and the other Kilemen, at a considerably lower level. A fearful eruption from the summit erater took plans in 1840, and another by 1843 from the lawer crater; but this was exceeded in August, 1855, when the 'fire stream' continued to flaw for many months, notil by July, 1867, it had travers d a distance of over sixty milea-The floor of the great crater of Kilaues is said to resemble 'a lake of fire, having been scooped out a thousand feet deep and covers ing an area of twenty miles square. This enormous vent seems to have been for a bealgoant purpose planted in the Central Pacific Ocean, whose 'great basio,' says Mancy has its rim resting upon volcanio formations and set with volcances all the way round." One remarkable fact which is confirmed by numerous eruptions is that the discharge of molten matter, even in 1859, when shafts of white hot lava were thrown up to the estimated, beight of eight bundred feet, are attended by no carthquake shocks or other

density of the state of the same The burning lave, on reaching the water, s shivered like glass into millious of particles which, rising in clouds darken the sky and fall like a storm of hall on the surrounding country, while the glare from the fiery river converts night into day over all eastern Hawaii; but the wast terrestrial safety valve quietly performs its office, ale lowing the immense plutonic furnace beneath the mountain free and full vent. The report of the present eruption does not state at what part of the mountain the outburst occurred. The statement, however, that fears are entertained for the safety of Ht'o would imply that the volcano has opened a new ontlet at some unsuspected point, in which case the orifice is probably small and it will take several weeks, as to 1810, for the discharge of the accomulated subterranean pressure

The earth's volcanous are profusely distributed over the ocean, but remote from its chares they are known to be comparatively few and inactive. This circumstance powerfully soggests their connection with the changes ceaselessly going on in the ocean floor, upon the subaidence and fracture of which the flood rushes into the heated sube marine chambers of the globe, and the tree mendous force of the steam thus generated is seen in the volcanic eruption. We shall wait for further tidiogs from the Sandwick Islands to see how far this, the most plausible theory of such phenomena, is sustained by the present challition of Manna Lon.

Why He Cheered.

Nobody who attended the ward meeting on the corner of Galveston avenue and Olens der streets could have failed to notice the enthusiasm of the ragged looking ladividual in front of the speakers' stand. He whooped velled and cheered so that the speaker, who was also a caudidate, met the enthusiaatie individual and shook him warmly by the

" I suppose your applause last night was "No, not entirely. I don't give a cent

Weaver or old Hayes." "Then I am to construe your flattering

is cavorting all over the town getting ready for my humble efforts as a speaker ?"

"Maybe so, but I didn't hear a word you said, I was so busy letting myself off, so to speak. When I attend a public afeeting I oever listen to what a speaker says. If you were to get off the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments, I would cheer them all the same. All I ask is a chance to boller."

" My friend," said the candidate," will you and went on so when I was addressing the

"I ve no objections. You see, when I get tight I want to cheer-am bound to do it, Every time for the past elx mouths until nowwhenever I nodertook to cheer on the street